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AN EPISTLE TO Mr. HANDEL, UPON HIS OPERAS OF *FLAVIUS* and *JULIUS CÆSAR.*

Orpheus in Sylvis, inter Delphinas Arion.

VIRG. Ecl. 8.

Hear how Timotheus' *various Lays surprize,*
And bid alternate Passions fall and rise.

POPE.

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AN EPISTLE TO Mr. HANDEL.

CRown'd by the gen'ral Voice, at laſt you ſhew
The utmoſt Length that *Muſick*'s Force can go:
What Pow'r on Earth, but Harmony like Thine,
Cou'd *Britain*'s jarring Sons e'er hope to join?
Like *Muſick*'s diff'ring Sounds we all agree,
Form'd by thy skilful Hand to *Harmony*:
Our Souls ſo tun'd, that *Diſcord* grieves to find
A whole fantaſtick Audience of a Mind:
The Deaf have found their Ears,—their Eyes the Blind.

Some

Some little *Rebels* to thy mighty Name,
Deny the Crown due juſtly to your Fame;
No Sons of *Phœbus*, but a ſpurious Breed,
Who ſuck bad Air, and on thin Diet feed;
Each puny Stomach loaths, and ill digeſts
The labour'd Greatneſs of thy finiſh'd Feaſts:
Notes that the Paſſions move they can't admire,
But love, —and rage, —and rave, —with ſober Fire;
Supine in downy Indolence they doze,
Whilſt *Poppy-Strains* their drowſy Eye-lids cloſe,
And ſoothing Whiſpers lull 'em to repoſe.
Since this lethargick Tribe you've overcome,
Let them beware the ſtupid *Midas*' Doom;
Who *Pan*'s ſhrill Pipe t'*Apollo*'s Lyre prefers,
For's Judgment juſtly wears the Aſs's Ears.

To pleaſe this vitious Taſte, what Arts were try'd?
Our *Beaus* have ſcolded, and our *Belles* have cry'd,
And famous *Op'ras* reign'd their Day, —and dy'd:
Tho' crowded Theatres your Numbers grac'd,
To ſooth the taſtleſs Few, you were diſplac'd;
Pleaſure too exquiſite 'cauſe we enjoy'd,
Some eminent old Women they imploy'd;
Whoſe fine-ſpun Notes, like *Muſick* of the Spheres,
Quite out of reach, were loſt to mortal Ears.

Amuſe-

Amuſements leſs polite the Town will charm,
We want ſome Crowd, —and Sounds, —to keep us warm;
In Place of promis'd Heaps of glitt'ring Gold,
The good *Academy* got nought — but Cold.
Where cou'd they fly for Succour, but to You?
Whoſe Muſick's ever Good, and ever New.
All were o'er-joy'd to ſee Thee thus reſtor'd,
And Muſick's Empire own its lawful *Lord*;
In Extacies divine we all were wrapt,
And Foes to Muſick wonder'd why they *clapt*;
Spite of themſelves th' *Inſenſibles* were charm'd,
And Sounds victorious, *Envy*'s Rage diſarm'd.

Thus when the *Sun* withdraws his golden Rays,
Nor longer o'er the World his Light diſplays;
The pale-fac'd *Moon* triumphant rules the Night,
Proud of her Silver Beams, and borrow'd Light;
Pleas'd with her Throne, ſhe faintly mimicks Day,
Whilſt each ſmall Star darts forth its twinkling Ray:
But when the ruddy *Morn* reſtores the *Sun*,
Bright in his glorious Blaze his Courſe to run;
Then *Moon* and *Stars* ſuperior Luſtre fly,
And dimm'd by brighter Beams, inglorious lie.

FINIS.